

T H E
State of Rome,

U N D E R
N E R O and D O M I T I A N:

A
S A T I R E.

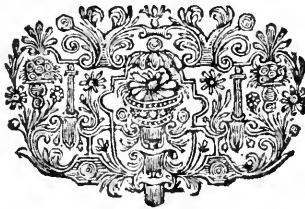
C O N T A I N I N G,

A List of *Nobles, Senators, High Priests, Great
Ministers of State, &c. &c. &c.*

By Messrs. J U V E N A L and P E R S I U S.

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N, Corrected.

Alter & Idem.



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T H E

State of Rome,

Ec. Ec.



WHAT! still be plagu'd and never take the
Scourge,
Whilst Loads of Venal Trash my Ven-
geance urge?

Shall *Sporus*' Epigrams, and *Codrus*' Odes,
Unpunish'd, haunt their Sovereign's *blest*'d Abodes?
Shall *Bulbus*, *Lubio*, all the hireling Hounds
Bark on, unlash'd, protected by their Gowns?
Shall *Scurrio*, *Eubulus*, and *A B C*,
Leave in the Chandler's Shops no room for me?
No, tho' the Stage be interdicted quite,
The Prefs yet open, *Romans* still may Write.
On then, and fearless rhyme in *Graccus*' Spite.

¹ *Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties ranci Theseide Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus? —*

——— *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartæ.*

But

But why, with Rage, I grasp the Satire's Rod,
² Why tread the Paths that keen *Lucilius* trod,
 Attend the Causes which my Ire provoke ;
 When *Roman* Sailors feel the *Spaniard's* Yoke,
 By all forsaken, and despis'd by all,
 When *Latium* trembles at the Name of *Gaul* ;
 When black Corruption spreads her Wings around,
 And Brib'ry, bare-fac'd, stalks the Senate Ground ;
³ When *Fair Crispinus*, pretty Man of Wit !
 Dare's in his Master's Ear his Venom spit ;
 Who trips about the Town in *Tyrian* Dye,
 A gaudy, glitt'ring, flutt'ring, teasing Fly ;
 By whom each fair one may be---*what* ? why fann'd,
 So fond's the *Thing* to shew his *Lady-Hand*.
 When mad *Santurius* may unhang'd go on,
 To make Men drunk, then stab 'em when h'as done ;
 And hanging * athirst for human Gore
 Condemn his *half-try'd Culprits* by the Score,
⁴ When each Place swarms with such a shameless Crew,
 What Pen holds Gall to give 'em all their due ?
 And yet to see all this and to refrain,
 What Ribs of Iron can my Gall contain ?

² *Cur tamen hoc libeat optius decurrere campo,
 Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus
 Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
 Cum tener uxorem ducat Spado : Mævia Tuscam
 Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma :*

³ *Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi
 Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
 Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum.*

⁴ *Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis inique
 Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ?
 Quid referam, quanta sicum jecur ardeat ira,
 Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
 Pupilli prostantis ? —*

Fierce Indignation boils within my Veins,
 To see big Sharpers proud with impious Gains
 Roll in their Cars, and boast their *knaveish* Mains.

⁵ With what Repentment must the Muse behold,
 The *Wife* brought over by her *Spouse* and fold,
 Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
 Hears the Jobb done, then back to *B---* goes.

What Age so vast a Crop of Follies bore,
 When was each Vice so dignify'd before?
 None, none can e'er out-do us---- future Times 45
 Can't add one Scruple to our present Crimes;

⁶ Our Sons but the same Things can wish and do,
 Each Vice is at the highest it can go.
 Spread, Satire, spread thy Wings, and fearless fly
 To seize thy Prey, tho' lurking ne'er so high. 50

If Nature could not, Anger would indite,
 And, thus provok'd, e'en *Codrus*' self might write;
 But hold, what Folly! how dar'st thou again
 Speak dangerous Truths, or spoken how maintain?

⁵ *Cum lens accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
 Jus nullum ueri, doctus spectare lacunar,
 Et quando uberior virorum copia? quando
 Major avaritiæ patuit finis? —
 Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas. —
 Eadem cupient facientque minores.*

⁶ *Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit, utere velis,
 Totos pande sinus, dicas hic forsitan, unde
 Ingenium per materiæ? unde illa priorum
 Scribendi, quodcumque animo flagrante liberet,
 Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen?*

* Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio verum.

When *Roman Liberty's* so far bereft
 The Honest Heart --- that scarce the Name is left.
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot
 7 No matter if his Lordship winch'd or not.
 But now if Freedom with the Great, you take,
 If into Rogues omnipotent you rake,
 -----'s your Doom, or you must flie Abroad,
 To scape the Scourge of the devouring Rod.
 Muse be advis'd, be cautious of your Ears,
 Hold, hold in Time --- a Summons from the ----s,
 A Summons from the ----s, well let it come;
 Not till next *Ides of March*, I meet my Doom,
 And none, in *Rome*, if such gross Vices thrive,
 Another *Ides of March* would chuse, to live.

By Heav'n I'am Sick on't -- 8 O were I convey'd,
 Where *Lapland Ice* obstructs the Merchant's Trade;
 When Vice in Triumph lords it thro' the Land,
 And titl'd Knaves support her on each Hand;
 When ev'ry Fool's prefer'd, when Villany
 Grows rich and great, and Cheats alone are free;
 When Beardless Misers, Brutes unknown before
 Wait hourly to be Bought at ----'s Door;

7 *Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mutius, an non ?*
 --- tecum prius ergo voluta
Hec animo ante tubas ; galeatum fero duelli.

8 *Ultra Sauromitas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale*
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audient,
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia circum,
Indoeti primum :

When *B-----*s and *T-----*s ev'ry where you meet,
 And *C-----*s and *W-----*s choak upev'ry Street ;
 9 When *W-----*d's, the cock Priest, -- that puling Sot,
 Just flip'd the Shell, and in a Tunick got,
 Yet boasts ten Thousand Boobies in his Train,
 Gaping to catch the Ooze of his mad Brain ;
 * When *T-----te* both Sexes acts, before
 A vile Indorfer, and behind a Whore ;
 And 'twixt the Males of *O-----n*, Scenes are past
 Which make old *D-----*'s leud Nocturnals chaste.
 10 Say *Dear Swintonius* what detested Clime,
 Taught *Latium*'s learned Sons so dire a Crime ?
 Thro' what curst Cause do these Distempers rage ?
 What, Why the base corrupt corrupting Age ; 90
 No liberal Science finds the least Support,
 No social Virtue meets one Friend at Court ;
 No Profit rises from the licens'd Stage,
 No License granted to the Truth-fraught Page ;
 11 None rais'd, none lov'd, but He who loves the Times,
 Who's skill'd in dark Intrigues, and plung'd in
 Crimes,

9 Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quemdam
 Clamentem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia ? dorims ?
 Ad quem ita subridens : Felicia tempora, quæ se
 Morbis opponunt : habeat jam Roma pudorum.

* Hispo subit Juvenes, et morba pallet utroque.

10 — O, pater urbis
 Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus ? —
 Quando artibus inquit honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta Laborum,

11 Quis nunc diligitur, nisi concius, et cui fervens
 Æstuat occultis animus Semperque tacendis ?
 — Græcum urbem non possum ferre, Querites,

Virtue and Knowledge, all, aloud, deride,
 Learning and Wit's industriously decry'd ;
 No Pounty's felt but what the Great advance
 'To glut the Scum of *Italy*, and *France*.

¹² Where rank Adult'ers break the Nuptial State;
 And scarce a Bed but feels a Foreign Weight ;
 Where no one Woman for one Man seems meant,
 But sooner with *one Leg* would be content :

¹³ In ev'ry Street the *Belides* appear, 105
 And *Clytemnestra's* sprout up every where.

¹⁴ Here if one honest Man I chance to View
 Above base Int'rest, and to Friendship true ;
 One Woman chaster than the common Crew,
 I rank them with the Prodigies of Fame,
 And marvel whence the lovely Monsters came.

¹⁵ Worse than the Iron Age now onward moves,
 For constant Use our Vices so improves,
 That baff'd Nature's at a Loss to frame;
 A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name :
 'Tis Time, high Time to fly this shameful Place,
 Where Truth nor Justice dare not shew the Face.

¹² *Antiquum et vetus est alienum, Posuimus Lectum*
Concutire, —

Unus Iberine vir sufficit? Ocyus illud
Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.

¹³ *Occurrunt multe tibi Belides —*
Mane Clytemnestram nullus non Vicus habebit.

¹⁴ *Nunc si depestum non inficitur amicus*
Si reddat Veterem cum totâ arugine solem,
Prodigiola fides, & Tulcis digna Libellis.

¹⁵ *Nona atas agitur perjorâque secula ferri*
Temporibus quorum secleri non invenit ipsa
Nomen, et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.

(16) Here let *Arturius* live, and such as He,
 Such Manners will with such a Land agree;
 Chiefs who, in Senates, have the golden Knack
 Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black.
 Who build vast Halls to lodge their *wedded Whore*;
 And by Excise and Taxes starve the Poor.

(17) Here *Sporus* live—and once more feel my Rage;
 Once and again I drag thee on the Stage;
Male-female Thing, without one Virtue made,
 Fit only for the *Pathick's* loathsome Trade:
 Feeble and weak in all that's good and right,
 And only strong in Impudence and Spite.
 What tho' by Blood thou strut'st a gaudy Peer?
 What tho' thou nestlest in thy Master's Ear?
 No Ill Man's happy – least of all are they
 Whose Study's to corrupt, revile, betray.

(18) What's the Advantage *Junius*, or the Good
 That you can boast a rich paternal Blood?
 Vain are their Hopes who fancy to inherit,
 By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit,
 Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains, or old *Gen'als* of their Race,

C

While

- (16) ———— *Vivant ARTURIUS istic,*
Et Catulus: Maneant qui nigra in candida Vertunt,
Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, Portus
Et præbere caput Domini venale sub hasta.
- (17) *Ece iterum Crispinus; & est mihi sepe vocandus*
Ad Partes, monstrum nullo Virtute redemptum
A Vitiis, æger, solaque libidine fortis:
Quid refert igitur, quantis Jumenta satiget
Porticibus, quanta Nemorum veſtetur in umbra?
Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor ————
- (18) *Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo*
Sanguine censei?
Quis fructus generis tabula jactare cupaci
Corvisum. ———— *Effigies quo*
Tot Bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos?

While their base Deeds their Ancestors belie,
And grieve the Brags, that stands dishonour'd by.

(19) How can'st thou *Junius* in mock Triumph bear
Names gain'd by Conquest in the *Gallic* War?

(20) Who, who will call those Noble that deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race?
Whose only Title to their Father's Fame,
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name.
A Dwarf as well a Giant's Name may bear,
Or the puff'd Afs the Lyon's Mantle wear.

(21) To whom, you'll ask, is this Correction due?
Why really *Junius* it is meant for you.
Who deem your Person Second to Divine,
Because descended from a god-like Line;
Tho' yet but *one* illustrious Act you've done,
Forfook your Chief, and from your Colours run:

(22) Great Son of *Troy*, who e're extoll'd a Beast,
For being of a Race above the rest?
For if fleet *Victor's* Progeny at last
Prove's a mere Jade and in each Match is cast,
No favour for the Stallion we retain,
No Reverence for the weak degenerate Strain;

That

(19) *Cur Allobrogicis & magna gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? si cupidus, si
Vanus, & Euganea quantumvis mollior agna?*

(20) — *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro Nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam atlanta vocamus;
— Canibus p'gris Scabiâque Vetusta
Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora Lucernæ,
Nomen erat Leo.*

(21) *His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Plance,*

— *Tumes alto Drusorum Sanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses.*

(22) *Dic mihi, Tenebrarum proles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putet, nisi sortia, nempe volucrum
Sic Laudamus Equum, facilis cui plurima Palma
Pervet, & exultat raucæ victoria circo.*

That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
 First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
 On the *great Shade* to whom your Blood you owe:

(23) Let your own Acts immortalize your Name,
 Your Grandfires Glory will your Stains proclaim,
 And to a clearer Light expose your Shame. }

“ For still more public Scandal Vice attends,
 “ As he is great and noble who offends:

(24) But War's no more you'll say, there's left no
 Room,
 To prove our Swords – the Soldier, pent at home,
 In Sloth and Riots places his Delight,
 Bumper's all Day, and Harlots ev'ry Night.
 But hold, War's Rumour! mark the loud Alarms!
 Hark the shrill Clarion sounds to *Arms, to Arms!*

(25) Shou'd (Heav'n avert it!) any desperate Fate
 Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
 Send quick *Arturius* to secure the Port,
 “ Where are the *Generals*, where do they resort?
 Send to the Bagnio there you're sure to find
 The *unfledg'd* *Hectors* coupling with their Kind.

(26) Go

*Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus.
 Clara Fuga ante alios, & primus in Aequore pulvis.
 Sed Venale Pecus Corybæ Pesteritas &
 Fursini, si rara iugo Victoria sedet;
 Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla
 Umbrarum,*

*Ergo ut miremur te, non tu, primum aliquid da
 Quod possim Titulis incidere præter Honores,
 Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.*

(23) ——— *Miserum est al ænæ incumbere Famae,
 Ne collapsa ruant subductis testa Columbis.
 Incipit ipsorum contra te Stare Parentum
 Nobilitas, Claræque Facem præferre pudendis.
 Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectus in te
 Crimen habet, quanto Major, qui peccat, habetur.*

(24) ——— *Pinguis Damasippus ad illos
 Thermarum calices, inscriptaque Linthea vadit,
 Maturus bello Armenie.*

(25) ——— *Præstare Neronem,
 Securus valet hæc Ætas. Mitte Ostia Cæsar,
 Mitte; sed in Magnâ legatum quere Popinâ.
 Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem.*

(26) Go to the Booths where Feats of Fist are
 shewn,
 There you'll find *Carlo*, from *Patrician*, grown
 A Boxer and the Scandal of the Town.
 Room for the noble Master Champion – See!
 His *mien Majestic* shews his Quality.

(27) This very *Carlo* whom we lately saw,
 Flutt'ring about with *Six* in his *Landau*
 Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
 And owe, to *Harlequin's* Grimace, his Meat;
 For now he's forc'd, since his Estate is lost,
 To make --- act, or be himself a Ghost.

(28) Strange! He who knew so well to shake the
 Dice,
 And dext'rouly to throw the lucky *Sice*;
 To shun *Ames-ace* that swept the Stakes away,
 Should leave no Gleanings for a rainy Day!

(29) Shameful are these Examples --- Yet we find
 To *Rome's* Disgrace, far worse than these behind.

(30) Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times;
 Some Tyrant King, the Terror of his Age,
 The Type and true Vicegerent of thy Rage,
 Thus punish him ---- Set Virtue in his Sight,
 Drest'd in her Charms, with all her Graces bright;
 But set her distant --- make him pale to see
 His Gains outweigh'd by lost Felicity.

But

(26) *R s haud mira tamen, citbar, edo principe mimus
 Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus? & illic
 Dædæcus urbis habes.*

(27) *Consumptis opibus Vocem, Damasppe, locasti
 Sipario, clamoribus Ageres ut Phœbus Catulli.*

(28) *Jure etenim id Summum, quid dexter Senio ferret,
 Scire erat in Voto; damnosa cunicula quantum
 Raderet.*

(29) *Quid, si nunquam adeo sedis adeoque pudendis
 Utimur Exemplis, ut non pejora supersint?*

(30) *Magne pater Divum, Sevos punire Tyrannos
 Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
 Moverit Ingenium ferventi tinta Veneno;
 Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.*

But hold, hold Muse, you moralize too long,
Come ! wake your Reader with some merry Song.

³⁴ Begin, *Calliope*, a Tale to sing,
Of some *past* Booby *Greek*, or *Roman* King.
What *Roman* King ? Why *Nero* let it be ;
Well, but his Times with * ours can ne'er agree.
Um-- why that's true, --O no, not in the least,
I only tell, and not apply the Jest.

³⁵ When he with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
The fervile World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
When strutting *Nero* reign'd, and venal *Rome* obey'd,
On distant Coasts, where *Spanish* Turrets rise,
A Fish was taken of a monstrous Size.
The Wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,
The Capture for the Emperor designs ;
³⁶ And now he reach'd the Stream, where Poor Remains
Of *Alba's* Freedom still its Name retains ;
The wond'ring Croud that to strange Sights resort,
And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,
At length gives way ; ope flies the Palace Gate,
The Turbūt enters, and's received with State.

³⁴ *Incipe Calliope, licet hic considerare : non est
Cantandum, res vera agitur.*

³⁵ *Cum jam Semianimum laceraret Flavius Orbem
Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile Rhombi :
Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique Magister,
Pontifici summo.*

³⁶ *Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat
Igнем Trojanum———
Obstitit intrantii miratrix turba parumper ;
Ut cessit, facili patuerant cardine valvæ.*

* *Juvenal* wrote this Story in *Domitian's* Time.

³⁷ But, O hard Fate! the Palace Stores, no Dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.

¹ Call, *Cæsar* cries, my trusty Senate straight;
This great Affair demands their sage Debate.
What with this *Spanish* Monster we must do,
Fathers, I'll graciously appeal to you.

The Hall is swept, the wise Patricians come,
To canvas, as they deem, the State of *Rome*.

² Cunning *Veiento*, lo! and by his Side
The great *Catullus*, leaning on his Guide,
Decrepid, yet a furious Lover He,
And deeply smit with Charms he scarce can see;
Whose Levee's daily crowded with Resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile Court.

³ Who grants all Honours of the Sword, and Gown,
Glads with a Nod, and ruins with a Frown;
Who led his Emp'ror in a String, and sway'd
That Prince whom once the subject World obey'd;

⁴ Who the stiff Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke;
Thus raising a top-heavy Tow'r, whose Weight
Crush'd him at last --- no unexpected Fate;

³⁷ *Sed deerat Pisci patinæ Mensura.*——

——— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres.

² *Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ.

³ —— *atque illi sellas donare curules?*
Illum exercitibus præponere?

⁴ —— *Nam qui nimios optabit honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabit
310 *Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset*

For few such Wretches to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or by a glorious End.

* None more cry'd up the *Fish*, --He, in it's Praise,
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

⁵ Nor came *Veiento* short, but as inspir'd,
With his great Leader's Gold and Spirit fir'd,

⁶ Prophetic, cries, " The happy Omen see,
Of fruitful Peace, or glorious Victory.

Some captive King shall *Cæsar's* Prowess own,
And proud aspiring *Gaul* come tumbling down.
The Golden Age, O *Rome* ! returns to thee,
Thy Power unbounded, and thy Commerce free ;
The Merchant's Plunderer shall his Prey restore,
And Harpies range the *Indian* Seas no more."

⁷ Old *Crispus* next, wanton, tho' old, appears,
His Lust (tho' Power) not yielding to his Years ;
Who thinking the Debate perplex'd and long,
Sate down and mus'd him with a bawdy Song.

Montanus Belly next, advancing flow,
Before the Sweating Senator did go.

⁸ *Crispinus* after, but much sweeter, comes,
Fainting beneath the Fume of *Indian* Gums.

*Cæsus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.
Ad generum Cereis sine cæde & vulnere pauci
Descendunt Reges & sicca morte Tyranni.*

* *Nemo magis Rhombum Stupuit :*

¹ *Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus Æstro*

⁶ *Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat ; & ingens,
Omen habes, inquit, magni clarique Triumphi :
Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arciragus.*

⁷ — *Verit & Crispi jucunda Senectus.
Montani quoque Venter adest Abdomine tardus :*

⁸ *Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,
Quantum vix redolent duo funera—*

⁹ *Pompeius* then, well skill'd in the Court Game
Of cutting Throats, with a soft Whisper, came.

Reynardus next befouls the high Abode,
Spewing out *Sporus*' Nonfense by the Load.

Next him *Acilius* of an Age the same,
With eager Haste to the grand Council came,
In Temper mild, and blest'd with Share of Sense,
His Manners winning as his Eloquence ;
None abler to have fav'd the Land than he,
If, as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free ;
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Heart ;
But, *Nero* reigning, 'twas a dangerous Part.

If Power grown absolute Advice could bear ;

¹⁰ But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear ?

With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
At each cross Vote expos'd his Whole at Stake.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
As some Oafs did, to stem th'impetuous Tide.

¹¹ Then *Fuscus* sagely op'd his Mouth, and spoke,
With many a Hem! but, what was the best Joke,

⁹ *Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro:
Proximus ejusdem properabit Acilius ævi,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
Quis comis utilior, si clade & peste sub illa
Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum afferre liceret*

¹⁰ *Consilium ? —————
Sed quid violentius aure Tyranni ?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut æstibus, aut nimbo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici ?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera possêt
Verba Animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.*

¹¹ *Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
Fuscus.*

Mistook the Case, till by *Catullus'* Look
Struck Dumb, he strait, with Shame, the *Hall forsook*.

The *Speecher* last uprises, from whose *Bill*
Sweet empty Sounds, and honey Dews distil ;
And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
Declaiming fine, on this, and that, and t'other.

At length the great, th' important Question's put ;
¹²Fathers, your Judgment, --- *Shall the Fish be cut ?*

O far, far be't from us, *Montanus* cries,

To do Dishonour to the noble Prize :

A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,

Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide ;

¹³ And henceforth, let a *Potter* always wait,

To serve in these Emergencies of State.

He spoke, ---and straight his Council is observ'd :

With Joy he sees the Fish *entire* preserv'd ;

Well knowing, did they go beneath it's Skin,

They'd find it stink most *cruelly* within.

¹² *Quidnam igitur censes ? conciditur ? absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait ; testa alta paretur,
Quæ tenuis mura spatiosum colligat orbem.*

¹³ ----- *Sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Cæsar, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Fieri digna viro sententia.*

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